

# The Weekly Museum.

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## ACCOUNT of the WEDDING of a PERSEE.

THE Persee, at whose wedding I was a guest, many weeks before had sent invitations to his numerous friends and acquaintance, to assemble at the fixed time, at a spacious hall, erected for the occasion, in a beautiful field. It was the dry season, when the air was constantly mild and serene, and the whole vegetable world breathed a delightful fragrance. The hall was formed by bamboos connected together, as is usual in that country, and covered with cloth. It was a medium between a house and a tent, being less solid than the former, but more substantial than the latter. Here the company assembled, after the heat of the day was over, to the number of several hundreds. After a rich repast, which was served with great regularity, we sat out to meet the bride, messengers having arrived at the hall to announce her approach. The young Persee was mounted upon a camel richly caparisoned, himself adorned with a multitude of jewels, and highly perfumed. A number of slaves walked by the side of the camel, holding an umbrella over the head of their master, while others fanned his face: the company had, as usual their palanquins. In the mean time we were entertained by a band of music, consisting of pipers, blowing very loud upon the great pipe with their mouths, and playing with their fingers on another; trumpeters, and a kind of drummers, beating upon what they call tam tams. The music was dreadfully loud, but to my ears not very pleasant. There was only one tune; nor did I ever hear another during the six years I have been in India. We arrived at a village, where we were met by the bride attended by an infinite number of female acquaintance, her near relations, and a crowd of servants. A gentleman's carriage in the service of the company was borrowed for the bride. It was an open phaeton, drawn in slow procession, by four beautiful Arabian horses. The practice of borrowing English equipages, on matrimonial occasions, is very common, and they are always lent with great good humor. As to the rest of the ladies, some rode upon camels, some in carriages drawn by spotted buffaloes and bullocks, whose horns were tipped with silver, and their heads adorned with flowers, bound by ribbons. The bride was a tall and comely creature; her long black hair falling down over her shoulders, and then turned up in wreaths, elegantly adorned with embroidered ribbons and precious stones. It was at that moment when her husband gave her the *salam*, in a modest and respectable manner, and at a small distance, when she stood up in the phaeton, veiled only by an umbrella, that I, who had

the honour of being near the bridegroom, had a full view of his lovely bride.

At the end of the village an accident happened which interrupted, for a short time, the joy of the day, and filled the minds of hundreds with the most alarming apprehensions. The men as well as the women, gave a loud shriek, and ran in a distracted manner, not knowing what they did: even the bride was for a moment deserted by those of her own religion and kindred, and left to the care of her European drivers. Some unlucky wag had, on purpose, set some swine adrift, that were kept by Portuguese families; and it was the fear of being touched by these odious unclean animals that turned for a few moments, a day of joy into a day of lamentation. It is impossible to describe the horror that both Persees and Gentoos express at the sight of a sow. The very form of that animal is offensive to them, and make them shudder: it appears as loathsome to them as a toad does to an European: and you may imagine the horror you would feel at the approach of a toad of the size of a sow.

The swine being driven back, (in effecting which repulse I may justly boast, that I was myself the principal hero,) we proceeded in joyful procession to the hall, which spacious as it was, was now insufficient to contain our increased numbers: wherefore many of the company were seated on the grassy plain, lamps being hung among the shrubbery on poles of bamboos, fixed without much difficulty in the soft and deep soil.

Various kinds of refreshments having been, after short intervals, presented to the company, we were at last entertained with a ball, which lasted all night. The ladies were placed by themselves on one side of the hall, and the gentlemen by themselves on the other. The women wore their veils; but these were not drawn so closely over the face, but that you could get a peep at their eyes and noses. When their veils were drawn back, in order that they might enjoy the refreshment of being fanned, we could discover their necks and their fine hair. There was not the least communication between the men and the women; no, not a whisper.—The men conversed among themselves, and the women observed a most profound silence, looking straight forward with inexpressible sweetness and modesty.

But now appears a spectacle which commands silence among the gentlemen as well as the ladies, and draws the attention of every part of the hall. A company of strolling dancing girls from Surar, appear on a platform raised about two feet above the floor. Violins were now added to the band of music, and presently the dance began. The

balladieres (for that is the name by which the dancing girls are distinguished on this side of Hindostan) are dressed in the gaudiest manner that the luxuriant fancy of the East can conceive. Their long black hair falling over their shoulders in flowing ringlets, or braided and turned up, is loaded with precious stones, and ornamented with flowers. Their necklaces and bracelets are enriched in the same manner; even their nose jewels, which at first sight appear shocking to an European, have something pleasing, after custom has worn of the effect of prejudice, and by a certain symmetry, set of all other ornaments. Nothing can equal the care they take to preserve their breasts, as the most striking mark of modesty. In order to prevent them from growing large or ill shaped, they enclose them in cases made of exceeding light wood, which are joined together, and fastened with buckles of jewels behind. These cases are so smooth and pliant, that they give way to the various attitudes of the body without being flattened, and without the smallest injury to the delicacy of the skin. The outside of these cases is covered with a leaf of gold, and studded with diamonds. They take it off and put it on again with singular facility.

The balladieres imagine that they heighten the beauty of their complexion, and the impression of their countenances, by tracing black circles round their eyes with a hair bodkin dipped in the powder of antimony. On their ancles, besides jewels, they wear bells, which they think have a good effect, but which, I confess I do not admire.

The ball lasted until morning. Refreshments were presented to the company at short intervals during the night. The bride was accompanied to the house of her husband only by her nearest relations. The Hindoo ladies were in the like manner taken care of by their husbands or kindred: as to the balladieres, they were escorted home by Europeans.

## The OLD BACHELOR.

THE temporal happiness of man very much depends on his social connections, and that most intimate connection which is formed by marriage, seems to me the fairest chance which any man can have for domestic comfort. Throughout all my life. I have ever observed more happiness in the family of a married man, than a single one. And of all miserable mortals, I know none so miserable as an Old Bachelor, one who has never formed a tender connection with a woman, that we are to expect that tender concern and anxious solicitude which tempers distress, and renders our afflictions tolerable.



The precise Old Bachelor is one of those characters which is very naturally disagreeable to youth of both sexes, inasmuch that Old Bachelor is almost a term of reproach. Let us survey the Old Bachelor in all his glory. He gets up in the morning, and rings his bell; his servant attends to know what he would be pleased to have—because he is paid for it.—The Old Bachelor orders breakfast of coffee, or tea, or chocolate, and his housekeeper makes the tea, or coffee, or chocolate—because she is paid for it.—When this is over, he rings his bell again, and desires the servant to remove the things; this the servant does—because he is paid for it.—Next, Old Celibacy orders his horse to be got ready; the servant conveys his orders to the stable keeper, who immediately sends the horse saddled and bridled—because he too is paid for it.—While he is preparing to mount, the house keeper asks him what he will please to have for dinner;—he swears an oath or two, and wonders how she can ask such a question so soon after breakfast. On his return he sits down to dinner, which ten to one he does not like; it is not his favourite dish, or it is not well drest; there is not the proper sauce; or the bread is stale; he then scolds the servants, they bear the scolding with great philosophy—because they are paid for it;—and if he threatens to dismiss them, they are equally indifferent, because they can soon get another service in a family where there is one to superintend the whole, and take the blame off their shoulders.—The dinner being over, he drinks a bottle with an acquaintance, and then enjoys the superlative satisfaction of railing against the female sex, and perhaps singing a toothy song, or giving a foolish toast in favour of *celibacy*, all of which his friend agrees to—because he likes the wine.

All this being over, the friend or friends leave him, and he dozes away the time until supper, which is served up in great order by his servants—because they are paid for it;—and after falling asleep in his chair he is awakened by the noise of a dog or cat in the neighbouring gutter—after which he goes quietly and orderly to bed, with the reflection, that there is not a single person in the house who cares whether he be found dead or alive in the bed next morning.

So much for Old Bachelors—What is the inference from all this? The plain inference from this is, that as soon as a young man is in a situation to provide for a family, the most prudent thing he can do is to marry, if he wishes to avoid the temptations to which single men are exposed, and values his integrity, his constitution or his temporal happiness.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

#### THE ANXIOUS ENQUIRY.

*Wrote under the symptoms of a dangerous disease, the Author 65 years of age.*

AS to death's gloomy regions I draw near,  
I meditate with hope, and look with fear;  
Not that I start or tremble to be dead,  
But this strange unknown thing to die I dread.  
Hail ye adventurers who have had your day,  
And of the dark long beaten trackless way;

Mysterious road, where all of human kind  
Must travel, but can leave no trace behind.  
Ye silent congregations in the dust,  
Who wait the resurrection of the just,  
I come your dreary mansions to explore,  
Tho' uninformed by you who pass'd before.  
Dark! dark the entrance! hideous all appears,  
Though faith and hope are helpful pioneers;  
They strive to clear the way and guide my feet,  
But there's an unknown something yet to meet:  
ABEL, thou brave commander of the van,  
What news from lost unanimated man?  
I march with doubtless courage to the field,  
For as I enter I expect to yield;  
Yes, I am certain to resign my breath,  
The trial yet uncertain—WHAT IS DEATH!  
Ye countless millions who have tried the ground,  
Can you inform me nothing what you found?  
Say, when the conqueror takes my heart, my brain,  
Seizes on every artery, every vein,  
Stops all the avenues of life and sense,  
Banishes me for evermore from hence,  
When sun and moon and all things where they shine,  
To everlasting shades I must resign;  
All the sweet sounds that chorus to the spheres,  
Drop in eternal silence from these ears.  
My dear companions gather round my bed,  
To view me dying, or to mourn me dead;  
There stands a friend! See how his eye-balls roll!  
He loves me as his body loves his soul,  
How tenderly we both in sorrows melt,  
How shall I feel!—O tell me how you felt!  
In vain I ask—ye tumults of the tomb,  
The grave is deaf, and death has struck me dumb;  
All silent in your land to which I go,  
What you have felt I now must feel to know;  
And can no pilot then with pitying aid,  
Conduct me through the melancholy shade:  
Here comes a welcome friend! The rising God  
Brings me a message from your dark abode;  
He smiles and bids me venture and forego  
All that is mortal, that belongs below;  
Your fears, your fits, your trials and your pain  
Shall die, and never, never rise again;  
And that weak body batter'd by your fall,  
Death now demands, you must obey the call;  
Justice requires it—'tis the fruit of sin,  
I went, and you must go where I have been:  
If the green tree of life must fall and die,  
Can you expect that death will spare the dry?  
I felt his dart for you, but as I fell,  
I took his sting and spoil'd the powers of hell:  
He will in senseless silence close your eyes,  
But sure as I have risen, you shall rise;  
Your mouldering dust shall guardian angels keep,  
'Till I unbar the caverns where you sleep.

Then faith and hope your friendship must crave,  
'Till I commend my body to the grave;  
I'll thank you kindly—Then must bid adieu,  
And leave you there, for you are mortal too.  
Of all my friends below to realms above,  
No one can bear me company but love,  
That shall in never fading youth remain  
With me, 'till this frail body rise again;  
Then shall I feel through vast eternity,  
Joys now as much unknown as what it is to die.

*The Dead to the Living.*

To thee, dear friends, I've bid a short farewell,  
What I have been remains for you to tell;  
What I endur'd in death, or now enjoy,  
May, when we meet, our mental speech employ;  
But what the resurrection shall reveal,  
We then must know by what we then must feel.

New-York, October 19, 1792.

*Answer to the PARADOX in our last.*

FOUR merry fiddlers play'd all night,  
To many a dancing ninny;  
And the next morning went away,  
And each receiv'd a guinea.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

The following Lines, were written within the cover of a Gilted Snuff-Box, made after the manner of a Book.

The VIRTUES of the BOOK-SNUFF-BOX.

ALL Philotopners and divines of latter ages,  
Have snuff'd their wisdom from Book's muffled pages:  
And, since from Books such wisdom can be taken,  
Let not the SNUFF-BOX-BOOK be e'er forsaken.  
In it, old muffled Maidens will find ease,  
Their heads teren'd by one loud hearty sneeze;  
And wives may also find it very pleasing,  
For snuffing wives, you know, are fond of sneezing;  
Nay, even widows also, both young and old,  
May find in it to cheer, their spirits cold.  
In great assemblies, swag'ring bucks you see,  
Whose Snuff Box is their most profound conceit;  
And every Beau, plac'd mid' incircling fairs,  
With Box in hand, his Great respect declares.  
Then since in snuff such virtue's to be found,  
Why may not snuff in Gilted-Books be bound.

New-York, Oct. 17.

A. M.

MURDER strangely discovered.

LUTHER gives a relation of a German, that falling into the hands of highway-men, who, not content with robbing him of all he had, but to conceal their theft, would also murder him. As they were struggling to cut his throat, the poor traveller spying a flight of cranes over his head, cried out, "Oh cranes! as you are witnesses of my being murdered, so I adjure you to detect the murderers, that my blood may be revenged by the hands of justice." Not long after, these thieves and murderers being drinking in an inn, a great flight of cranes came and settled on the top of the house, making a dreadful noise and clamour, which the villains perceiving, fell a laughing and scoffing among themselves, saying, "Behold there are the silly revengers of the German's death, whom we have lately robbed and killed;" which being overheard by a servant in the inn, he related their words to a magistrate, who caused them to be apprehended; and examining them singly, found they so disagreed in making their several defences, that the magistrate catching them tripping, laid the murder so home to them, that they confessed the fact, and were all put to death accordingly.

A NECDOTE.

DURING the late war, an elderly gentleman from New-York, who was at bottom a staunch loyalist, but so fond of argument, that he would occasionally take up the subject of the late war, and argue upon it either *pro* or *con*—being once at a coffee-house in London, when the topic was in agitation, and then defending the cause of the Americans, one of the company, more sanguine than the rest, roundly asserted, there could be no doubt of conquering the Americans, notwithstanding the superiority of their numbers; for that one Englishman could drive an hundred of them.—Pray, do you think, Sir, said the Yankee, you could achieve so noble an exploit? Perhaps not, replied the hero, upon so great a number—Could you drive fifty?—No—Could you drive twenty?—No—Could you drive one? O yes, damme, I could do that easily at any time. Then, Sir, said the old gentleman, as you are an Englishman, and I am an American, if you please, drive me. The political braggadocio drew in his horns, and sneaked off.



NEW-YORK, October 20.

*Melancholy Intelligence, if true.*

A Merchant of Philadelphia has received from his correspondent in Charleston (by the Georgia Packet, just arrived there,) a letter dated the 15th inst. which mentions, that a vessel from France, arrived at Savannah, brings news to the first of September—that the Queen of France had been murdered—that the King and the Marquis de la Fayette were missing—that 5000 of the people of Paris had been put to death (by what party the correspondent takes no notice)—and that the Duke of Brunswick and his army, were within thirty miles of Paris.

Capt. Brockhouse, who left Havre-de-Grace on the 4th Sept. and was spoke at sea, confirms the account of General La FAYETTE's leaving the French army, and adds, that he and family are gone to England.

*Extract from Lindsay's Hotel Diary, Oct. 2, 1792.*

This day arrived here, in eight weeks from Guernsey, the ship Bell, Capt. Gavet, who informs us, the allied armies of Austria and Prussia, amounting to 200,000 men, under command of the Duke of Brunswick, were advancing rapidly towards Paris; that at Lyons, and the borders of Normandy, the people had openly declared for the counter-revolution; and that assignats had fallen 40 per cent.

From the above and other circumstances we may fairly conclude that the French affairs are by this time brought to a crisis.

Oct. 4.—This day arrived the ship Portsmouth, Capt. Cox, in five weeks from Dunkirk. On the 11th of Sept. spoke the ship Dianna, from New-York, bound to the Isle of France, 27 days out, in long. 35 N.

*Extract of a letter from Culpeper, Oct. 7, 1792.*

"In the upper end of Culpeper, in the neighbourhood of the ragged mountain, on Sunday evening last, was committed a most shocking and inhuman murder, by Daniel Yowell, on the body of Nancy Clark, a young woman about 16 years of age. This barbarous outrage was done by Yowell in the presence of the young woman's mother, and several other people, who could not prevent him from imbruing his hands in innocent blood. The young woman's mother after seeing her daughter receive the first wound (by a knife) which was not mortal, attempted to rescue her daughter if possible; though Yowell on her coming within his reach, gave her a very severe gash with his knife, on the right cheek to the bone; he then without hesitation, put an end to the young woman's existence, by cutting her throat in two places, and splitting her left breast through into the bottom of her body; cut a gash across her right side, which let out her entrails, and gave her several other wounds which were mortal. The perpetrator of this heinous crime, immediately attempted to cut his own throat, in which he succeeded so far, as to cut his gullet and wind-pipe, in which situation he now lays, attended by a guard appointed by the sheriff, by order of the coroner, until he gets so far recovered, as to be removed from his own house to the county gaol."

Charleston, (S. C.) Sept. 28.—Mr. Spears, a trader from the Cherokees, an express from Gen. Pickens, who left the General Friday the 21st, informs, that we may look for a general Indian war, that they are set on by the Spaniards. That Col. Anderson has ordered five block houses to be built. The militia have been reviewed and inspected—five towns of the Cherokees have broke already with us, and set out against Cumberland.—The Creeks will break this month, by falling on the State of Georgia. The numerous militia are determined to march, to a man, they are in

good spirits, and do not in the least doubt of soon humbling the savages.

Sept. 29.—Within a few days past, two expresses have arrived here from Gen. Pickens and Col. Anderson, with dispatches for his Excellency the Governor. They contain the alarming accounts, that a general Creek war may be expected shortly to take place; and that the four lower Cherokee towns are hostilely disposed, and will act in concert with the Creeks. A body of the Cherokees, Creeks and Shawanese, in all about five hundred men, are now out, and it is supposed will fall upon the settlements at Cumberland or Holstein. Col. Anderson has erected four block-houses on the frontiers; and, we are informed, that the Gov. had sent forward a large supply of arms and ammunition, with orders to the commanding officer in ninety-six district, to have the militia put in a state of preparation for active duty, and to raise and equip a troop of horse for each of the regiments.

Oct. 2.—Yesterday several letters were received in town from the western frontier of Georgia, which inform, that the Indians are perpetually committing petty depredations in that part of the country; and, that a formidable invasion is hourly expected.

Capt. Roberts has advanced about eighty miles from the Rock-Landing to a situation between the territories of the Creeks and Cherokees, where he is busily employed in erecting block-houses. Some Indians having lately stolen ten horses from the inhabitants on the Georgia side of the Oconee; Capt. Roberts ordered a detachment of his troops in pursuit of them—they came up with the Indians and had a small engagement with them, in which one of the soldiers was wounded.

Winchester, Oct. 8.—Two traders of this town, who have stores in the territory of the United States south of the river Ohio, last week received letters from their agents there, from which we have taken the following extracts:

Knoxville, Sept. 12, 1792.

"I am sorry to inform you of our present alarming situation: the five Chickamawaga towns, as well as the Creeks, have declared war against the United States, and the celebrated John Watts has marched at the head of 500 warriors, with intent of committing depredations on some part of the frontier. Many imagine they are destined against this place—others, Cumberland—Uaneketi is in the number. Last night a scutry, at a station not more than nine miles from hence, was fired at. The people on Nine-Mile, which I left yesterday, are preparing to erect fortifications, as they are all the frontiers of this country. We have nothing but musterings and expresses, and war-talks frequently. I was fortunately in Chocoma at the critical period of their declaring war; and, discovering the result of their councils, rode all night, express, to give Governor Blount the information. The Governor immediately called the people of the country out for the defence of the frontiers. I must conclude, my friends, with a hope that Congress will relieve our helpless state, in doing which no time is to be lost."

French Broad, Sept. 12, 1792.

"I have been informed, that there are 600 Indians out against this part of the country—likewise that they have killed two men, of the name of Gillespy, who lived on Holstein, below Knoxville, and that Knoxville is evacuated."

MARRIED

On Sunday evening last, at Newtown, Long-Island, by the Rev. Mr. Woodhull, Mr. THOMAS WHEY, to Miss HANNAH BUGBY—both of Newtown.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. GULIAN LUDLOW, to Miss MARIA LUDLOW, both of this city.

DIED

On Saturday evening last, after a lingering illness, which she bore with exemplary patience and fortitude, Mrs. CATHARINE LASHER, wife of Col. John Lasher, of this city.—She was an affectionate wife, a kind and tender parent, a pleasing companion, and a sincere friend.

*The knell of death that on the twilight gale  
Swells the deep murmur, to the passive ear,  
In awful sounds, repeats a mournful tale,  
And claims the tribute of a tender tear.*

*The dreadful hour is past! the mandate giv'n  
This kind, this tender mother, breathes no more;  
Yet who shall blame the wise decrees of Heav'n,  
Or the deep mysteries of fate explore?*

*No more her converse shall delight the heart;  
No more her smiles serene, spread pleasure round;  
No more her lib'ral bosom shall impart,  
The balm of pity to affliction's wound.*

*Exempt from vanity; from every ray  
Of pride, thro' changing scenes she calmly mov'd,  
Severely mild, and innocently gay,  
Dear to the social circle that the lov'd.*

*Divine benevolence around her shone,  
The chastest manners spoke the spotless mind,  
That power who gave, now claims her for his own,  
Lamented by those friends for left behind.*

*But cease to mourn a mourn a fainter spirit gone,  
To seek its resting-place beyond the skies,  
From mortal woes her gentle soul is flown,  
To taste celestial joy, that never dies.*

Lines on the Death of an unfortunate Lady, will be particular attended to in our next.

JEREMIAH HALLET and CO.

No. 52, Water-Street, two doors West of Bowling-Slip.

Have received by the late arrivals, an assortment of IRONMONGERY, which they will sell upon reasonable terms for CASH or short credit.

AMONG WHICH ARE

BEST hoop and blistered Steel, T. Crowly, No. 3, and A. C. faggot do. sheet Iron, tin Plates, Shovels and Spades, Frying Pans, Smiths Anvils, Vices, Beck Irons, Hammers, Sledges, and Bellows Pipes, brass Kettles, copper and brass Warming Pans, iron Pots and Kettles, brass and iron head Shovel and Tongs, iron Tea Kettles, a variety of coat and vest buttons, plated & common Shoe and Knee Buckles, black do. iron and japaned Candlesticks, Shoe and Knee Chaps, door and other Locks, various kinds of Hinges, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Gouges, Plane Irons, Knives and Forks, and other Cutlery, stamped and common white chapple Needles, large Pumice Stone, Ailum, Copras, Sad Irons, Files and Raps, Black Lead Pots, Steelyards, Scale Beams, Carpenters and Shoe Makers Tools, with a variety of other articles of Hard Ware. Also, Elegant Tea Trays and Waiters; likewise for sale at same place, an assortment of DRY GOODS, wholesale and retail.

CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful for those who travel by land or water, and very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by applying a common match. No family ought to be without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-Street and Beekman Slip, Who has also for sale, a large assortment of Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c. Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering goods from this store, may depend upon being served with fidelity and dispatch.



## Court of Apollo.

The OLD SOLDIER.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

GOLDSMITH.

**C**LEAR was the blue expanse, the day serene,  
All nature wore an universal green;  
Smooth pass'd fair Schuylkill's wave delightful  
flood!

As, resting on its verdant banks I stood;  
There, wrap'd in praise, O bounteous God, to  
thee

Who blest this happy land with liberty:  
And thou, the instrument in virtue's cause,  
Who bravely freed us from oppressive laws!  
An aged soldier, in a voice of grief,  
Shew'd his grey locks, and thus implor'd relief:

"Oh! youth, who yet a stranger to distress,  
Feel not, like me, th' extremes of wretchedness!  
If, in thy country's cause, thy bosom glows,—  
That country late oppress'd by barb'rous foes—  
In whose defence, its blood was drain'd  
From these poor limbs, yet a drop remain'd.

Now worn with toil, and hap'ly tent with age,  
Soon shall I leave this joyless, mortal stage.  
Yet if humanity with genial heat,  
Expands thy soul to actions good and great,—  
Some trifling help, which you may never need,  
Oh give, and Heav'n reward the pious deed.

Once gay in life, and free from anxious care,  
I thro' the furrows drove the shining share:  
I saw my waving fields with plenty crown'd,  
And yellow Ceres joyous smile around;

'Till rous'd by freedom at my country's call,  
I left my peaceful home, and gave up all.  
Now forc'd, alas, to beg my hard earn'd bread,  
This crazy body longs to join the dead.

Ungrateful country! when the danger's o'er,  
Your bravest sons cold charity implore.  
Children of wealth, in downy pleasure bred,  
Pamper'd in ease, by fav'ring fortune fed;  
Who view with thot'less eye the humble poor,  
That glean their scanty meals from door to door:  
Ah! have for me a sympathetic sigh,  
And wipe the falling tear from sorrow's eye."

• Our great American Fabius.

## TO THE CURIOUS.

**W**ILL be exhibited for an evening's enter-  
tainment, at the corner of Beekman and  
Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary  
phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE,  
which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a  
beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is  
calculated to please and surprise, by returning  
pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions  
proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or  
in an audible voice. It will also ask questions  
which are always consistent with decency and pro-  
priety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the  
emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this  
very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,

"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."

In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures,  
a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and  
Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Ad-  
mittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/ each, and  
Children 1/ each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every  
evening (Sundays excepted.) 181f

## THE MORALIST.

### ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RISING.

**I**F you are an early riser, you may find time for  
every thing. It is amazing how much is gain-  
ed by lopping off an hour or two from indulgence  
in the morning. Nor is the mere saving of time  
the only advantage. Our spirits are more lively,  
and our faculties are more awake. I do not know  
a practice which I shall more recommend, whether  
devotion, health, beauty, or improvement of the  
mind, were the objects in view. How cheerful  
and how animated are the meditations of the morn-  
ing! What a delightful bloom flushes into the  
cheeks from its balmy exhalations! What an un-  
speakable cheerfulness glides into the soul, from  
hearing the devotional matins of the lark, and  
from beholding the newborn scenery of nature!  
How necessary is such a regimen to preserve that  
sweetness of complexion and breath, which are the  
very essence and perfume of beauty! When peo-  
ple think of accounting to God for the talents they  
have received, they overlook the hours which are  
lost in the morning sloth, and unreasonable indul-  
gence.

I have inured myself, for many years, to this  
habit of early rising. In the spring months of  
April and May, particularly, I grudge every mo-  
ment that is wasted after five. I consider it as a  
rude neglect to all those sweets which open to fa-  
lute me. And I always find so much more de-  
ducted from the firmness of my health, and the  
vigour of my understanding.

## S. L O R D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,

**B**EES leave to inform her friends and the public  
in general, that she carries on the above bu-  
siness in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock  
Street.—She returns her most grateful acknow-  
legments to her friends and the public for past fa-  
vours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their  
commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to  
give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.  
January 2, 1792. 93 17.

## MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.

At the City-Tavern.

**T**HE Public will please to take notice that  
the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, have  
altered the hour of starting, from three o'clock  
in the afternoon, to twenty minutes after eight  
o'clock in the morning: This stage admits but  
seven seats, and leaves Powles Hook on Mon-  
day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Fri-  
day mornings, and at 4 o'clock, on every Friday  
afternoon: All application for seats in this stage  
must be made to JAMES CARR, at the office.  
Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of ex-  
presses, extra stages, &c.

Fare of a passenger, 4 dols.  
150 wt of baggage, 4 dols.  
Feb. 18. J. M CUMMINGS, & Co. 1f

Just Published, and to be Sold at this Office,

## SHORT INTRODUCTION

### TO CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

Designed particularly for the use of the Protestant  
Episcopal Church, at Oyster-Bay.  
By ANDREW FOWLER, A. B.

An Elegant  
BELLOWS TOP CHAISE,  
And a RIDING CHAIR, exceeding  
cheap for cash; also,

A quantity of best Gold Size. By  
ANTHONY OGILVIE,

No. 7, Wall-Street, near Federal Hall.

**W**HO returns his sincere thanks for the en-  
couragement he has received from his friends,  
and the public in general, and hopes, by a close atten-  
tion to his business, to merit a continuance.

COACH, HOUSE, SHIP and SIGN Paint-  
ing, performed in the neatest manner, and on the  
most reasonable terms. He trusts he will give satis-  
faction to all those who will honor him with their  
employment.

New-York, September 29, 1792.

1f.

## LIVERY STABLES.

**T**HE Subscriber informs his friends and the public  
in general, that he has furnished himself with a  
convenient stable, No. 5, Bridge-street, next door but  
one to Mr. Goode's Tailor-Chanellery, nearly opposite  
the Exchange, for the reception of Horses and Carri-  
ages by the day, week, month or year, at the very low-  
est prices. He has at the above stable, elegant Saddles  
& carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the  
convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle  
Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate  
as any in this city. Wm. WELLS.

New-York, July 20, 1792.

**I**N pursuance of an order of the honorable John  
Slois Hobart, Esq. one of the justices of the Su-  
preme court of judicature of the state of New-York,  
upon the petition of John Tanner of the city of New-  
York, mariner, an insolvent debtor, in conjunction  
with so many of his creditors as have debts, bona  
fide, due and owing to them from the said John  
Tanner, amounting to at least three fourth parts of  
all the monies due and owing by him, all the credi-  
tors of the said John Tanner are hereby notified to  
show cause if any they have, before the said judge,  
at his chambers, situated in Crown-street, in the  
city of New-York, on Saturday the twenty-fourth  
day of November next, at ten of the clock in the  
forenoon of the same day, why an assignment of the  
said insolvent's estate should not be made, and the  
said insolvent discharged, agreeably to the directions  
of an act of the Legislature of the state of New-  
York aforesaid, entitled "An act for giving relief  
in cases of insolvency," passed the 21st day of March,  
in the year 1788. Dated this 26th day of Sep-  
tember, 1792. JOHN TANNER.

Peter A. Schenck, one of the petitioning credi-  
tors.

## EVENING SCHOOL,

**W**ILL be opened by JOHN WINCHELL, on  
Monday evening the 8th of October, first  
door North of the Friends Meeting-House, where  
he still continues to teach young Ladies and Gentle-  
men the various branches of English Literature.—  
The proficiency which his pupils make, especially in  
writing, encourage him to hope for the favour of  
those who wish to have their children well and speed-  
ily taught on the most reasonable terms.

New-York, Sept. 29, 1792.

29—1f.

## PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness  
accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable  
as any in this City.